THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

VOL. I. MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, MARCH 10, 1831. No. 10.

Sketches on the Ocean.

THE Tyro who has scanned but half the geography of his country can tell his enquiring sister the name of that immense volume of water which issues from the Gulf of Mexico, impelled in part by the winds and tides, and in part by the peculiar situation of that country. The water, which is driven with great violence from the ocean into this gulf by the constant easterly winds, commonly called "trade winds," meeting a barrier in the lofty ridge which connects North and South America, without abating its fury, is turned from its course to the north-west, and winding around the southern extremity of the United States, is driven with the velocity of three miles an hour through a narrow opening, bounded on the south by the island of Cuba and other minor islands, and the Florida shore on the north and west, into the Atlantic Ocean, when taking a north-easterly course, it sweeps nearly the whole sea-coast of the United States; and branching off to the east, it does not entirely lose itself in the waters of the ocean until it nearly reaches to the shores of the eastern continent.

Vessels of any tonnage, bearing a northerly course, carefully make use of the aid this stream affords for accelerating their progress, (to the destined haven) while those seeking a harbor south, are often compelled to coast among the numerous islands of the Indies, a course often rendered hazardous from the prevailing easterly winds. This same Tyro, too, if he has read half as much history as he has studied geography, can tell you many a dismal tale of the cruelty of the Buccaniers, who, not many years since, infested the seas in that quarter, endangering the lives and property of such as brave the perils of a traffic on those waters. On this body of water, might, a few years since, have been observed a neatly rigged "hermaphrodite," bearing east by south, as she ploughed her way along the smooth surface of the deep, undisturbed, save by the slow swelling which seldom entirely leaves it, or by a puff of wind from the west, which now and then ruffles its otherwise quiet bosom. Every thing connected with the vessel bespoke her a model for her kind. From six horizontal yards hung loosely as many sails flapping heavily upon the spars—the field of white canvass forming a pleasing relief to the dark hull which supported it. The early dawn of that eventful day, whose yearly return is hailed with such demonstrations of joy and gratitude by the free people of the United States, had just began to break upon the western world.—The graceful vessel rode proudly on her element, passively obeying the impulse of the water—now borne upon the summit of a swell, and now received deeper into its bosom—nothing disturbed the silence of that early period, save the heavy sound of the canvass upon the masts by which they were severally suspended, and the dull groan of the helm under the hand of the helmsman. The most acute observer would have been unable to discover any being on its deck, except the indistinct figure of a man leaning his heavy head with his half closed eyes upon the capstan, and two or three figures bearing a nearer resemblance to men than any other articles stretched along the forecastle. Over the whole extent of the quarter-deck was extended, horizontally, a piece of canvass, serving as a protection from the rays of the sun during the day, and continued during the night for the comfort of those who would prefer a cool birth under this canopy, fanned by the sea-breezes, which are peculiarly refeshing, to the uncomfortable security of the cabin, where the very disagreeable exhalations from the water closely confined in the hold, and commonly received under the name of "bilge water," was rendered doubly offensive from the great heat of that latitude at this season. A ship at sea is always a most imposing spectacle, and one peculiarly calculated to excite the most interesting emotions in the mind of the beholder. Above is stretched out the curtain of the heavens, garnished by the hand of the Almighty; below, on every side, extends the vast expanse of waters, locking in their embrace the untold treasures of the deep.

Scarcely had the refracted rays of the sun begun to illumine the eastern horizon, when a movement by the object noticed as leaning on the capstan, aroused the other members of the watch, who, apparently unmindful of their duty, were stretched at length along some of the various articles that lay upon the deck. A moment of exertion, and low whispers followed—unwilling, as it appeared, to disturb the morning dreams of their more fortunate companions.—The raising of a port door—the removing the lead cap from the touch, and the chaining of the ordnance on the deck of the vessel, as well as the bright horn and pricker suspended from the

neck of one of the company, soon proclaimed their purpose. When these several movements were completed, in as much silence as was compatible with their object, a low whistle summoned a person with a torch to the group, and in an instant, a bright flame issuing from the piece, was followed by the loud discharge of a six pounder. The brig staggered under the re-action of the piece for an instant—a cloud of smoke enveloped the actors, but a voice was heard to say in a tone of considerable satisfaction "Silver Tongue" speaks smartly this morning. Ah, old sailor, you can say "Liberty of conscience, and a clear deck for King George," as well as the best of us.—"What luck for the day."—"The sky 's as clear as the white of a dolphin's eye," muttered Byrnes, as he raised the side of the canopy on the quarter-deck, and cast a knowing look over the unclouded heavens, seeming with a prophet's eye to learn the probable state of the weather at a glance. "Father Eolus keeps his storms and tempests under a close reef this morning. Jackson what sort of a craft d'ye make that off hereaway." The stars of the firmament gradually lost their brilliancy as the light from the east spread itself over the heavens, and were entirely eclipsed by the superior brightness of the sun, and the object on the surface of the water came more and more distinctly into view.—"That fellow was spliced in King George's dock-yard, and bears a royal charter to monopolize the seas. Take the glass, Mr. Jackson, see what you make of her, and come aft here, some of you and clear the gangway, and tell the steward to pass a quart or two of Burgundy to drink 'good luck to the Gen. and sea-room for the Racer.'" These several orders were soon obeyed, and the Racer moved onward impelled by the current of water on which she floated, while the object which had called forth the remarks of Byrnes was hardly to be discovered in the dim distance by an inexperienced eye, and on whose character he decided with so much certainty to himself. There was, or seemed to be, a peculiar something in the management of this beautiful fabric which would escape the notice of the casual observer, or of one whose mind was occupied simply in admiring the scene which presented itself in consequence of the accidental meeting of two vessels on the water; but to him who had long studied the movements of a ship under almost every circumstance—something, he could scarcely tell what, would fix his enquiring scrutiny on this. The symmetry of its proportions, and the air of perfect grace that was visible in every movement would demand but a passing glance; but the manner in which Jackson examined through the glass every object connected with the craft, the anxious glances Byrnes would cast upon every quarter of the heavens—the quick step with which he trod the deck—the various movements of the crew, all seemed to intimate that it was not an ordinary meeting. "What do you make of the fellow, Jackson?—we ought to have hugged closer on the Florida shore, those reefs are safe harbors for one of our craft."—She 's all snug aloft, sir, snugly rigged as any afloat. She holds off here-away, but hasn't got wind to fill her wings. Keep close hatches, sir." Let Silver Tongue speak a word for the country—we may clear shoal by false lights. How does she head, sir?—"East by north, sir."—We 'll have a blow off south by night-fall. Hold her off a point, and give a small pull on the weather-braces, and if the stream takes us as far south as Salt Key by 4 o'clock, and we get a cap full of south wind we' ll clear him." What further was done or spoken that morning on the deck of the Racer, will probably forever remain a secret. I only know that no small part of it was spent in toasting the health of the worthies of the revolution. A few patriotic songs were sung, an extemporaneous address from one of the crew, named Thompson, on the Liberty of People to do what they choose, regardless of the laws, was greatly applauded.

[*To be continued.*]

My Father.

His sun is set,
And death's deep night enshrouds him in its gloom,
But in the dreams of midnight does he come
To see me yet.

He came last night:
Around him flow'd an angel's bright attire,
And from his eyes a strange, etherial fire
Flash'd glorious light;

Upon his face
Dwelt the same kind expression that was there
When he bestow'd, with many a fervent prayer,
His last embrace.

Kindly he spoke,
"I love thee yet, my boy, though I am gone—
"The tie that binds a father to his son
"Can ne'er be broke.

"Nor will I cease
"To hover round thee, till the hour shall come
"When thou shalt reach man's everlasting home
"To rest in peace.

"Good night, my boy!
"May peace forever on thy path attend,
"Till the blest hour thy spirit shall ascend
"To share my joy."

In majesty,
He stood a moment, then he seem'd to rise
Slowly aloft; but still his beaming eyes
Were turn'd on me.

My sire! My sire!
Devotedly I've loved thee. Grant me high,
And holy heaven, one prayer, like him to die,
I ask no higher!

He now is blest
In his unhonor'd grave's deep solitude—
No anxious cares nor restless dreams intrude
To mar his rest.

The Broken Heart.

(*Concluded.*)

"Yes! lovely flower! at morning hour
"Thy beauteous colors bloomed,
"But now, alas! thy glory 's fled!
"Thy name must mingle with the dead!"

Parental love!—How often has the charm that lingers round these words preserved unstained the innocence of youth, and guided its object to the enjoyment of the highest earthly bliss! How often has the generous and untiring kindness which it dictates, aroused in the breast of the novice in crime, the most poignant feelings of remorse, and, while it invited him to taste the pure delights of virtue, how often has it poured into his wounded and repentant heart the sweetest consolations! Parental love!—Who can forget the wise, earnest, yet affectionate monitions that were fastened on his mind in childhood? Who can desert the path of integrity, reproved by the remembrance of no counsel from the lips of those to whom his welfare is a source of deep and unceasing anxiety? Home is indeed a hallowed name to all who feel the influence of correct, unwearied parental love!—Oblivion can never claim the hours that vanished there. When the frosts of age have withered up ambition, hope, yea, even love of life, still, the language of the heart will be—

"Though those scenes and those days are past and afar,
"They live in the blaze of bright memory's star!"

The authority which parents exercise over their offspring should, however, be confirmed by example, and should be enforced in the spirit of affection. Yet not unfrequently does the attainment of some paltry object, quench in the bosom of the parent all regard for the inclination or the happiness of the child. Too often is the possession of wealth esteemed an irrefutable proof of true excellence. Too often are parents inclined to urge their children into matrimonial connections from which their hearts revolt. They think not of the ten thousand tortures they are about inflict—of the utter impossibility of compelling the heart to love—of the undying strength of first attachment. A few particles of glittering dust has deprived them of reason, and they awake not from their delusion till the curses of their helpless victims strike terror to their inmost souls. Of a like character appeared the intentions of the father of the gentle Isabel. In youth he was noble and generous, but misfortune had embittered his better feelings, and rendered him unkind and austere.—Though he truly loved his daughter, pecuniary embarrassments induced him to favor Mr. S——, and after the celebration of the nuptials, —— was to receive assistance. Rather than descend into the humble vale of poverty, though soothed by the presence and unremitted attention of his Isabel, he chose to make her life a scene of unmitigated woe! The more readily to effect his purpose, he assumed towards her the most endearing tenderness. Yes! though conscious that his scheme must extinguish the last ray of gladness in the heart of one of earth's brightest and loveliest, he employed every art to evince the purity of his motives. How often are the most aggravated crimes perpetrated under the garb of friendship and benevolence! how fiend-like was the spirit of that parent who could profess that the completion of his child's felicity would enable him to sink without a murmur in the grave, while he was, at the same time, urging to its consummation a plan, that must secure to her through life the most exquisite anguish! Yet so it was. He had observed the attachment that had long been reciprocally cherished by Isabel and Roland, and while fortune smiled on him, he interrupted not their blissful interchange of joys and sorrows. He saw them at the hour of rosy morn ascend the grass-clad heath, and together pluck the fairest flowers to twine a wreath in token of the lasting union of their hearts; he marked the heart-felt joy that sparkled in their eyes when they retreated, at mid-day, to the cool and shady bower, where they pledged heart for heart; his eye, delighted, followed them at evening's quiet hour, as, arm in arm, they wandered out to gaze together on the bright spheres that ever wheel in yon mysterious, boundless expanse, where the Eternal shadows forth his glory and omnipotence. The conviction had long since been impressed upon his mind, that

"Their hearts, like a tendril accustomed to cling,"

were so bound up in mutual love, that a separation would prove fatal—so closely did their very existence seem to be interwoven, that a continuance of their communion appeared requisite to render life tolerable. But though he had been a silent witness of this growing intimacy, he had now resolved to terminate it forever—to terminate it by the ruin of his child! That letter was a forgery of his own! He purposely followed Isabel in her moon ramble to notice its effect—intending then to have given her his will, but her feelings were so delicate and so excited, that he

postponed the awful annunciation of her fate. He did not anticipate even the most certain consequences of his course; he imagined not that though he might drag her to the altar before Roland's return, yet he must return, and his own dark treachery be discovered, and bring down upon him the biting pangs of conscious wickedness. Yet so slight a compensation was not adequate to wipe off the foulness of guilt like his. Speedier and more withering was the vengeance that awaited him!

Isabel possessed a heart which was the residence of the liveliest sensibility. She had hitherto been a stranger to misfortune. Around the heart of Roland were entwined her most glowing affections. When she found herself really torn from him, and, what was worse, when she saw the unyielding spirit of her father, who, regardless of her grief, seemed resolved to administer to her a more bitter draught—her slender constitution could no longer buoy her up. Her gentle spirit drooped. She was a flower too tender to endure the rough winds of adversity that ever sweep the earth—too fragile to brook the chilly grasp of paternal ingratitude. The playful smile of joy was no longer on her lip; the lustre that beamed from her bright eye was gone; the vermillion tints that erst adorned her cheek were changed for the pale, mournful look of death. Yet tearless was her woe.—Too bitter was her misery.—She could not weep. On the first intelligence of Roland's fate, the full gush of tears afforded her relief. But now, lone Melancholy made her heart his throne and preyed upon her precious life. And yet she lingered till the appointed hour drew nigh. In vain did she implore delay—in vain plead the delicate condition of her health. Her father would allow a private ceremony, but to this she was disinclined. She desired that her emaciated form, and wild, unearthly look might tell to all the weight of her calamities. Her father fancied her sadness and her ill health were all unreal. Oh! deluded man! too late, alas! too late did reason resume her empire over thee! The fatal evening arrived. During the previous day Isabel feigned the appearance of cheerfulness—not that she felt reconciled to her lot, but that she had discovered a way to escape. On the preceding evening she had overheard some conversation between her father and Mr. S——, from which she learned that an instrument had been executed by them, by which Mr. S—— bound himself to liquidate all her father's debts on condition of her marriage to him. She could scarce credit the testimony of her senses. Roland was in the grave, and her father was willing to barter her for gold, and Mr. S—— was ready to accept her in exchange for gold—as though he had no heart to give. Surely, her fortune was not enviable. When she knew that Roland must never greet her more, she wished with him to slumber in the tomb; and when the stunning accent, "one week and thou shalt be a bride," came from lips whose words to her were law, her spirit sunk within her, and existence was a burthen; but when the truth flashed on her mind that her FATHER was influenced wholly by INTEREST, hers seemed a bitter cup indeed. After a night of anxious thought she took her resolution. If the ceremony of marriage was performed, her father would be entitled to the stipulated sum of money. She prepared a poisonous draught which she determined to swallow as soon as the union was confirmed. She even thought that the benediction of heaven rested on this course—for no sooner did her mind settle on it than she fell into a calm sleep, and well might her slumbers be undisturbed, for hers was the slumber of innocence. When she awoke the sun was risen high. She arose cheerful and resigned. When she met the family her step was so light, and her countenance so smiling, that her father was in raptures. She returned his salutation, which her feelings, however, prompted her to disregard. She sustained her cheerfulness through the day. But hers was no earthly joy. It seemed rather a foretaste of the bliss of brighter realms. Her mind, it may be, was bewildered by too intense meditation on the sudden termination of every terrene joy. Or perchance imagination whispered that Roland's happy spirit hovered near and beckoned her away. Certain it is she wore a joyous aspect, and toward evening took the proffered arm of Mr. S—— and joined the party that had early began to assemble in a jovial promenade. Splendid was the entertainment for the evening. A spacious hall—a most brilliant illumination—the most enchanting music—wines that rivalled the living brightness of beauty's eye: all these united to the charm which an approaching wedding never fails to throw around the throng collected, gave to the scene an intense and glowing interest. But as the shadows of night began to fall upon the earth, a wild and dreary tempest arose, as if in disapprobation of this mockery of happiness. Yet the frowns that nature wore only tended to heighten the attractions of this delightful, and, as it seemed, this happy place. At length the parties are ushered into the presence of the giddy multitude and the most reverend divine. Isabel, it is true, came with a tottering, feeble step, but did not an angel's spirit fire that eye and give it its loveliness? A short pathetic prayer was offered—a hymn of praise was sung. Their hands were united—the holy father had pronounced the words, "and now in the pres-

ence of these witnesses I declare you"—when a voice as hollow and as solemn as the grave was heard—"Roland is yet alive! can Isabel espouse another?"—She is senseless in her father's arms. A physician is called—a stimulant administered, and she revives.—"Oh, my father! thy cruelty—thy base deception is too plainly told. Oh, heaven! where on earth can truth be found if a parent can be false! Tell Roland I have kept my vow. He alone binds my spirit to the earth. I would live to prove to him, my feelings are unalterable. But no—I cannot. Roland! forgive your"—. The sounds died on her tongue!—one faint struggle—one stifled groan, and the vital spark went out in death! A breathless, silent horror reigned throughout the splendid hall. Then followed the loud, deep, melancholy tones of the bell—which echoed heavily and gloomily along the air, and depressed the soul into sullen sadness. Too truly was this house of revelry transformed into a house of hopeless sorrow. Her merciless parent now saw that her complaint of ill health had not been unfounded. The physician, on learning the circumstances, declared that she had, undoubtedly, been delirious through the day, and that the sudden intelligence respecting Roland aroused her to her reason, and her emotions were too much for her to endure. Her delirium alone enabled her to survive thus long. On the third day following she was consigned to the cold, damp, dismal grave. As the sad procession moves from the church-yard, after the last green turf is thrown upon the grave, a man is seen approaching at a distance, urging his noble steed to his quickest pace. A lofty, waving plume, and richest epaulettes mark him as a military officer of no inferior grade. He dashes past the mournful throng—enters the church-yard—leaps from his gallant charger, and Roland lies prostrate, weeping, upon the grave of Isabel! Who can tell the anguish that now wrings his generous, *broken* heart? What now to him are all the honors he has won in battle? What is the pageantry of earthly grandeur to him whose heart, and hopes, and happiness are buried in the tomb? Ye, who would know the measure of his misery, must meet calamities like his! So deep, so lasting was the wound—"he never smiled again!"

FITZ-EUSTACE.

On the Death of Mary.

Alas, how chang'd—how alter'd is the scene!
And can it be, O, Mary! hast thou gone?
Hast thou forever fled thy friend's embrace?
Forever hast thou gone from earthly climes?
Methinks I hear the echo of thy voice
Still ling'ring on my ear, with accents sweet;
And see thy lovely, smiling countenance,
And brilliant eyes, fair index of thy mind,
Still beaming mild with innocence and love.
How short thy race, and yet, how noble 'twas—
Like the young rose, expanding its rich folds,
And opening wide to zephyr's gentle breeze,
Till nipp'd by early frost, it perished—
So didst thou wither, lovely amaranth;
Yes, death has hurl'd at thee his chilling dart,
And thou hast sped to meet thy God above.
But though thy beauty moulders in the dust—
Though thy pure spirit 's gone to dwell on high—
Still mem'ry lives thy faithful chronicler;
The pride and consolation of thy friends.
The recollection of thy worth remains
Deep planted in our breasts, and seems to tell
The story of thy life and death anew.
Why do we mourn thy death? why weep for thee?
We would not call thee from thy happy seat,
Again to wander in this dreary world—
Again to taste its bitter cup of wo,
And to endure its ills a second time.
No! but since God ordains, let us submit—
And rather wish ourselves with thee in Heaven,
Than thee with us on earth.

R.

"Through earth's throng'd legions while we toss forlorn,
"'Tis tumult all, and rage, and endless strife."

Will is man's tyrant. This, oftener than any freak of fortune, makes him miserable.—With a frame nicely organized in all its parts, pliant to every movement of the mind; with memory to instruct, ingenuity to plan, reason to regulate, and judgment to direct, he can want nothing but his own resources to make him happy. Yet with all these, the favors of fortune, and the smiles of nature, he often spends his time in wretchedness.

Those who give the best definition of happiness, are generally the farthest from its enjoyment. If the ranks of the human family be scrutinized, the contented and happy portion will appear indefinitely small; the greater part view the past with regret, despise the present, and rush heedless upon the future. Some have no definite object at which they aim; they are fluctuating on every little point, and generally do not know when they should be contented. Like men thrown blindfold into the current, their efforts, if well directed would ensure safety, but guided only by chance, they miss the direct course, and are wasted with fruitless exertions. Others are never satisfied with the object of their wishes when, obtained; they live by anticipation, and promise to be satisfied when their present wishes are gratified. For all the toils of restless days and sleepless nights they claim the full reward, but sublunary bliss cannot fill the void they have created; and when the object of their ambition is gained, it appears but the shadow of the daring ends of their pursuit. Honor has no power to please, nor wealth to satisfy, nor pleasure to satiate. Fortune made Roland her favorite and her toy, never leaving him without some high hopes of su-

perior felicity, always spurring him on with some engrossing end of action. He first turned his eye towards a station of honor, not with the grovelling pace of most men; his mind spurned all minor means, and he looked steadily onward and upward to his mark. It was home for him among storms which wrecked the hopes of other aspirants. He pressed forward and gained the object of his search; he looked round on thousands of inferiors, but on no equal; but when the first cheers of triumph had passed, he cried, "what is fame but a bubble that bursts at a touch? I will seek something that can be seen, and felt, and known." From that hour he turned the powers of a giant mind to the attainment of wealth, and fortune seemed to shape her course to favor his designs. Millions he craved, for this he labored, and millions were his reward. But the gold in his coffers could not satisfy the hungerings of his soul. He looked upon his treasures, but only sighed for the toil they cost, and again he sighed for the failure of his anticipated pleasures. "Though gold is but dead matter, and can yield no satisfaction, it shall yet purchase the means of real and exalted happiness." Gold can purchase any thing but a contented mind; and this it did for him: it gave admittance to the first circles, and he moved among the royal of the land. Their mirth, festivities and banquettings were open for his reception, and his, in turn, were visited by the high and noble. All these could not satisfy his craving passions, and in the midst of flatterers and courtiers, he cried,

> "O, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade."

Roland seldom wished in vain for any thing within man's reach. Solitude he sought and gained: nature in her wildness and loveliness smiled to make him happy, her songsters saluted him in the morning, and charmed him at night; but nothing could fill the void within. In spite of his resolution to be happy in this last refuge of life, he exclaimed

> "Oh solitude where are the charms,
> Which sages have seen in thy face;
> Better dwell in the midst of alarm,
> Than reign in this horrible place."

Roland's experience is not a solitary one; many are possessed of every thing to make them contended, but *will not* be happy. It is in vain we change situations with the hope that it will change our desires, or root out discontent from our minds. If we cannot enjoy felicity with ourselves, we may expect nothing but turmoil and confusion in our intercourse with others; and when left to ourselves to be "of all men most miserable." TENAX PROPOSITI.

Lines in an Album.

Dearly bought is every pleasure,
Ending in the throbs of pain;
Lasting only is the treasure
Ages cannot render vain:
Nought beside unwreck'd shall be
On Life's wild, ungentle sea.

Well I know that aspects smiling
Often hide envenom'd hearts,
Looks of love and words beguiling
Oft prove paint on poisoned darts;
Oh, then, hope for happiness
Where alone is power to bless.

Fare thee well! The time is hasting
When on earth we meet no more.
Fare thee well! Thy life is wasting!
Ought I? can I tell thee more?
Go, and in thy hours of glee
Never dare remember me.

Fare thee well! and if hereafter
Yours should prove an angry sky;
Sighs should take the place of laughter,
Hope all fade and pleasure fly;
Only then mayst thou be free,
Read these lines and think of me. G.

Meditation.

LIFE is a mystery and a romance. The fantastic and unanticipated incidents which occur, impart to it the fitfulness and the wildness of a dream. Amidst the ever-shifting scenes in the grand drama in which he is an actor, man appears to be the child of circumstance and the sport of time. His existence here, replete with interest and excitement, is but a tissue of light and shade, and doomed to a momentary duration. To-day he revels amidst the pageantry of wealth and power,—to-morrow is forgotten in the past. To-day the bright sun looks down and smiles upon his being,—to-morrow the green grass waves over his tomb. There is something ingrafted in his very nature that tells him of his frailty, and forewarns him of a speedy doom. But brief as are his joys and his sorrows, his bright hopes and his dark forebodings, yet the God of nature has endowed him with that "intellectual sense and soul" which clearly evinces his dignity and immortality. He alone is gifted with faculties for holding converse with the mighty past, and calculating the secret mysteries of the future. He identifies himself with universal being, and dwells in all time—the present, past and the future. This is the power and characteristic of the immortal mind. To cultivate and improve, to direct and apply to noble purposes this high capacity, is the great business of man. Essential to the attainment of this object is patient and secluded thought. It is from close and deep self-communion alone that the mind learns the character and dignity of its own being. By this alone does it become fully acquainted with its own

"Look to th ~~Alps~~ Alps amid their
Grey Solitude, where wrapt in melan-
-choly musings, Sits the "Self-torturing
Sophist, wild Rosseau," weaving for the
nations the dark pall of his own
infidelity."

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powers, and learn the best sphere for their exertion.

In the tumult and bustle of active life, one's own improvement and highest happiness demand frequent and serious meditation. The windings of the heart, the deep recesses of the passions, whatever is intricate in external nature—whatever is mysterious in the universe of a God, all afford a wide and useful field for study and contemplation. When the thoughtful observer turns inward his attentive inspection, but little else than one mingled chaos presents itself to view. He discovers in embryo the same conflicting elements that have given to society its diversified features. On the one hand is seen the same fierce spirit which has rendered the broad earth a scene of bloodshed and carnage; on the other, the secret birth-place of all that is virtuous and god-like in human action. He beheld the former meriting, and ultimately reaping nothing but the execrations of the world—the latter claiming kindred with the "sainted choir harping around the Eternal Throne." Wisdom points out to him the high interests and noble objects of his being. She utters her sacred voice, and calls upon him to listen and be wise. She speaks her mighty mandate, and reason and justice would yield her prompt obedience. She unveils to his ravished view her deathless treasure, and bids him a hearty and a cordial welcome. When he embraces in his thought the vast brotherhood of man, it is then that the soul breaks forth from the narrow confines of self into noble and expansive benevolence. All her dormant energies are aroused from their secret chambers, and fitted for resolute and sublime action. The great globe with all its systems of religion and philosophy, its learning and its ignorance, its blessings and its evils, exhibits a broad theatre in which the soul may expatiate. It is here that it learns the most striking lessons of man's duty to his fellows, and the poor and pitiable portion of mere human honor and celebrity. When he contemplates the once great and glorious nations now shrouded in darkness, and the most splendid monuments of human genius prostrated in the dust, he learns the littleness of man, and the loudest notes of human fame appear but a fading echo. Here the studious mind finds much to enlarge and strengthen its powers. But the mighty revolutions of earth—the agitated elements—the movements of universal nature, opens a wider field for mental speculation. How does the mind increase its energy and dignity as it contemplates the invisible power that moves unnumbered systems through immensity in all their order and harmony, and administers to the necessities and enjoyments of myriads of their beings. When filled with the conception of such scenes, it is freed from its vassalage to sense. The "chain of association" which would bind it down to present objects and interests is broken asunder, and the voice which tells its true glory, is no longer drowned in the uproar and tumult of the world. It is then that man's pomp and pageantry, his pride and power, lose all their fascinating charms. Then the clamorous joy of giddy rioters, and the intoxicating scenes of revelry and dissipation appear in all their disgusting and loathsome deformity. Such meditations are always accompanied with beneficent and salutary tendencies.

Stupid and senseless must be his soul, who reads no moral in the volume of nature. Callous to every generous emotion must be the heart that swells not with gratitude in contemplating the kindness of the great Benefactor of all. But, in elevating and refining the character of the human species is more clearly exhibited the direct and practical influence of solitary and studious investigation. All efforts of genius, whether distinguished for profound and accurate thought, or for classic beauty and elegance, or for permanent influence upon human character and action,—have been the offspring of lone and reflective meditation. Whence garnered the first-born of song—the immortal Homer—all his richness and beauty, his glowing imagery, and his sublime conceptions? He seems to have lived in intimate communion with all created things. The land of his birth, with all its wild and picturesque scenery, its bold and striking features was the subject of his solitary investigation. Sequestered from the active scenes of men, he loved to converse with nature in her lone and awful solitudes. He listened to the hoarse notes of the tempest's angry voice, or the soft and soothing strains of the Arcadian songsters. He gazed upon the mighty Ægean as she slumbered in calm tranquility, or when the tempest tossed her foaming waters he heard the "shrill spirit of the storm that set upon the dark-rolling cloud and enjoyed the death of mariners." He united the creatures of fiction and the legends of heathen mythology with the realities of material existence. He peopled the grottos and the caverns, the groves and the precipices, with imaginary deities. All that was heard or seen or fancied around him, was arrayed in the vesture of poesy. The deep forest that "stretched its wild wood to the winds of heaven," or the snowy cloud which drifted in beauty and grandeur along the summit of the Helicon, furnished peculiar interest to the inimitable bard. Whence did the Tiresias of English poetry acquire that trememdous grasp which embraced the three worlds. He gathered

the materials of his undying verse from all that was lovely or terrible on earth—from all that was sublime and glorious in our conceptions of Heaven—from all that was dark and direful in the gloomy abyss. He seems to have been exalted far above the petty things of time, by the "glories revealed to his holy contemplation." When age and study had quenched his corporeal vision, it was then that his mental eye acquired new and increasing keenness. Look at that studious philosopher who gives to nature laws which wield all matter and pervade all space. Witness his thoughtful aspect and penetrating look, in his solitary walk and lonely retirement. His mind seems wholly abstracted from ordinary objects, and engrossed in the nobler and deeper pursuits of philosophical research. Secluded from the satiating pleasures of society, he feasts his eager soul on far purer and sublimer enjoyments. With what glowing enthusiasm he catches the first "glimpse of those splendid discoveries," which give an illustrious immortality to the name of Newton. Look to the Alps amid their skyey solitude, where wrapt in melancholy musings, sits the "self-torturing sophist, wild Rousseau," weaving for the nations the dark pall of his own infidelity.

"Yet he knew
"How to make madness beautiful, and cast
"O'er erring deeds and thoughts, a heavenly hue
"Of words, like sunbeams dazzling as they past
"The eyes that o'er them shed tears feelingly and fast.

Whence came the elegant but gloomy magnificence of the impassioned Byron? Enwrapt in his own solitary thought, his soul gathered richness from the material and intellectual world. He enlarged its capacities, till it became like a great ocean, which gathers tribute from the streams and fountains of the whole earth. The roaring of the mountain-torrent, the gentle murmurs of the rivulet, the awful thunder, and the red glare of lightning,—all were fraught with sublime and pleasing instruction. He loved to gaze upon the lofty grandeur of mountains and the fury of the heaving ocean—upon the wild and beautiful scenery of earth and the shining "poetry of heaven."

"Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt,
"Aught that could rouse, exalt, refine the soul,
"Thither he went and meditated there."

Thus we shall find that genius has ever been fostered and improved by deep and lonely meditation. The busy affairs of common life impair the "enthusiasm of genius," and retirement and study can alone restore it. When the mind is filled with a glowing zeal for splendid achievement, it loses all regard for futile and trifling objects, and moves onward with far more energy and success towards its supreme design. It is then that lone contemplation affords to its necessities prompt and timely assistance. Let the reflective man step aside from the turmoil of the thoughtless crowd into the solitary shade, and reason will speak in her sober voice and exert her native force. Here she examines what is good or ill, wise or absurd in human conduct, and paints out those sublime enjoyments which elevate and enlarge the soul, and invigorate the sensibilities of the heart. Here he feels within that high relish for uncorrupted and intellectual delights, and enjoys those ennobling treasures with which the noise and turbulence of licentious gaiety are utterly incompatible. It is in retirement that the virtuous and happy may drink from a full and unfailing fountain, and the wretched may find a refuge from all their sorrows. It is here that the votary of vice and crime, as he meditates upon his own folly and ingratitude, feels keen remorse and bitter regret. Hence he learns from the contemplation of his own being, its frailty, destiny, and its relations to its great author—lessons of charity, kindness and forbearance toward mankind.

In solitude and meditation the mind becomes ennobled and strengthened—fitted to exert its powers with efficiency on earth, and matures for its high, its awful, and its sublime destiny. It is here that the spirit becomes regenerated and purified, till it longs to put off this "muddy vesture of decay," and stretch its immortal pinions in that world where it shall be a "thing of eyes that all survey."

A. H. Post.

Congress adjourned last week Friday, without maturing much, if any, important business: Our congressmen are still mortally afflicted with the *cacoethes loquendi*. The great subject of public attention is the rupture between Mr. Calhoun and Gen. Jackson—which has been bro't about by the disingenuous conduct of Mr. Wm. H. Crawford, and, as some think, by the intrigue of Secretary Van Buren. This quarrel if not speedily settled, may break down the Administration.

MARRIED, In this village, 2nd inst. Mr Darwin A. Cooley of Benson, to Miss Julia A. H. Fillmore. In N. Haven, Rev. Richard C. Hand of Grosvenor, N.Y. to Miss Rhoda Hoyt. In West Rutland, Mr Levi Long, jr. to Miss Chloe Watkins. In Castleton, Mr Henry W. Leicester of Chittenden, to Miss Mary Whitlock. In Clarendon, Mr Amos Westcott to Miss Suffina Green. In Whiting, William A. Hitchcock, M. D. of Shoreham, to Miss E. A. McFarland, of Orwell. In Salem, N. Y. Dr. John S. Cleveland to Miss Chloe H. Butler, both of Rutland.

DIED, In this town, last week, Mrs —— Cushman. In Windsor, Mr Allen Hayes, aged 74. In East Poultney, Mr Calvin Noyes, 79. In Brandon, Mr Timothy Buckland, 70. In Bennington, Calvin Bingham, 83. In Montpelier, Azro Loomis Esq. 39. In Hinesbugh, Mrs Lydia, widow of the late Mr Seth Basset, aged 84. In Thetford, Timothy Bartholomew, aged 85.